

The New-York Weekly Magazine ;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.]

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1797.

[No. 94.]

CHEARFULNESS.

"Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine thro' the painful cloud of care :
O sweet of language, mild of mien ;
O virtue's friend, and pleasure's queen !
And, while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal."

DR. AKENSIDE.

IT is the indispensable duty, not to say privilege, of every rational being on the face of the earth, to cultivate and improve a serene and cheerful disposition, independent of that levity and versatility which many possess from an erroneous way of thinking. "Cheerfulness," says Mr. Addison, in the Spectator—a work of very considerable merit for its natural sweetness, ease, and delicacy—"is the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurings of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular, disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. The pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, offer themselves as incitements to a cheerful temper, to persons of all ranks and conditions; and which may sufficiently shew us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy."

There are many persons who indulge a fixed melancholy, from religious motives. Many of the lower orders of society contract a gloomy, forbidding aspect, by feeding their minds with the ranting effusions of puritanical enthusiasts; whose doctrines, for the most part, are particularly calculated to cloud all their bright intellects. They discourage the good, and intimidate the penitent. They oftener disserve, than benefit, the cause of christianity. It is an observation of the learned and pious Dr. Watts, that religion never was designed to make our pleasures less. Innocent recreations, (and innocent they must be, or not at all) calculated to promote cheerfulness, are absolutely necessary to soften the cares of life. Superstition and fanaticism are highly incompatible

with the generous feelings of a devotional taste and habit, which are in themselves very desirable; but a habit of melancholy is altogether improper, and wholly repugnant to those divine precepts, which ought to influence all to the adoption of amiable principles, and a cheerful disposition. "Piety and goodness," says Dr. Blair, "ought never to be marked with that dejection which sometimes takes rise from superstition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the same time, the cheerfulness belonging to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from that light and giddy temper which characterises folly, and is so often found among the dissipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the usual consequences of an unthinking habit, shame, remorse, and heaviness of heart, in the end. The cheerfulness of a well regulated mind, springs from a good conscience and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart."

Indeed, true piety is an invaluable treasure; and happy are they who esteem its salutary tendency. It meliorates the morals and disposition, and promotes present and future felicity. It adds dignity, pleasure, and security, to any age. To old age, in particular, it is the most becoming grace, the most substantial support, and the sweetest comfort. It is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. Let the old and the young, therefore, who wish to be happy, and preserve so great an acquisition, cultivate it with peculiar care and increasing ardour, as the source of all tranquility and cheerfulness; and let it be remembered, that in order to retain it successfully, the whole tenour of life must be guided and attended by the very admirable requisites of temperance, innocence, and simplicity.

A cheerful temper irradiates the progress of life, and dispels the evils of sublunary nature. All, indeed, cannot possess so desirable a blessing, without some interruptions, inseparable from the evils of life, to damp its energy and excellence. Afflictions are so diversified, that it were superfluous to enumerate even the most prominent and lamenta-

ble: but in these, and all other misfortunes, there is a remedy pointed out for the acceptance of mankind, which, if properly administered, does not fail to alleviate the unavoidable casualties and afflictions necessarily attendant on frail nature. Not a few are rendered wretched and despondent by their own immediate vices, after having exhausted their vile pursuits and prostituted their advancement to a comfortable and peaceful life by practices which religion forbids and wisdom reprobates. We should endeavour to turn our enjoyments to a current altogether serene and pure. Such rational and manly conduct would render us respectable: man would admire a life so exemplary, and God himself would approve it.

I was pleased a few evenings since, on reading the answer of an Italian Bishop, who possessed all the virtues which adorn and embellish human life. He struggled through great difficulties without repining; and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without ever betraying the smallest impatience. An intimate friend, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the *secret* of being always easy?—"Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you *my* secret, and with great facility: it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes."

His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop—"In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and I remember that my principal business here, is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who in many respects are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness and innate cheerfulness are placed, where all my cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine, or to complain."

From what has been said, we may learn to be cheerful; at least, calm and contented; and gratefully enjoy, in moderation, the blessings which Providence has bestowed on us. It is puerile and absurd, to indulge melancholy. Be it, therefore, the endeavour of us all to cherish with the greatest care an ingenuous and mild disposition; and, above all, religion, piety, and virtue. Let it be our constant rule and practice to cultivate self-command; to cultivate humility; to cultivate the milder affections; submit to our reason and our conscience; be christians, and be happy. T. C.

OBSERVATION.

THERE can be no pleasure in any enjoyments which the heart cannot approve, and which tends to sink, in our estimation the object of our love; obstruct the idea of perfection and our enthusiasm vanishes: take our esteem and love is at an end.

ADDRESS OF THE TRANSLATOR OF THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION, &c. TO HIS THINKING READERS.

BEFORE the Translator takes leave of the Reader, who will not withhold a tear of tender pity from the Hero of the preceding history, when informed that the mournful tale of his deviations and hapless fate is not the offspring of imaginary fiction, but founded on historical facts, recorded in Abbe Vertot's excellent History of the Revolution in Portugal; he deems it his duty as a man, and as a Christian, to put his young friends, who will peruse his translation, in a way to avoid the snares of superstition, the dire effects of which are the theme of the preceding history. A careful attention to the four following principles, will be the surest means of steering clear of the dangerous rocks and quicksands of superstition, on which the happiness of so many mortals has been wrecked; the Translator, therefore, begs his readers who value their peace of mind, never to forget

That Order is the Supreme Law of Nature. The motion of the celestial bodies, the ecliptical course of our globe, the regular change of day and night, and of the different seasons, and every object we behold in Nature's boundless realms, enforce the truth of that principle on the mind of the attentive observer. We nowhere behold effects without a sufficient cause, nowhere causes without proportionate effects; nowhere vacancies nor irregular leaps in the series and concatenation of things; nowhere beings that are insulated and unallied to the whole; nowhere supernatural effects nor *immediate* interpositions of the Godhead, where the regular powers of Nature are sufficient to effect the great views of the Creator. On the contrary, we behold every where the most indissoluble union, and the exactest proportion between cause and effect, every where the most admirable connection between all the smaller and the lesser parts of the whole, and between all the mutations and changes that take place therein: we behold every where fixed, immutable laws, after which all the works of God, the sun and the smallest grain of sand, the worm and man, the king of creation, move and act, every where great ends and means that are proportionate to them. Who can examine the world, without perceiving the most perfect order whereby it is ruled? And what reasonable man would conclude from what he *does not know, nor can comprehend* of the contrary of those things which he *can see and examine*? How was it possible that man could successfully carry on his occupations and labours without this unalterable order of things? How could he know the will of his Creator, and how execute it? how conclude with the least security from what is past, of what will be? how compute the success of his undertakings, meditations and exertions? What a dreadful scene of confusion would a world exhibit, wherein the series and

the connections of things were constantly interrupted through miracles, or the influence of superior beings. Order is, and ever will be, the supreme law of Nature; respect, therefore, this law, take it for your guide on your pilgrimage, and you will avoid the deviations of superstition.

Superstition misconceives this order of things, expects effects without causes, or from such causes as have no relation to them; it arbitrarily transforms the nature of things, separates what is indissolubly connected, and connects in the same arbitrary manner things which evidently contradict each other, or are not connected at all.

Superstition obliterates the natural limits of created beings, imputing to them qualities and powers which they do not, nor can possess, if they shall be and continue to be what they really are. The superstitious expects every where miracles and exceptions from the stated rules of Nature, and the more wild and confused his fancies are, the more important solutions of mysteries do they appear to him to promise. But is not this scorning the laws of the Supreme Ruler of the world, and censuring the order of things which is founded thereupon? Is not this exposing the world, which is the work of the Supreme wisdom and goodness, to all the dangers and confusions of blind fatality, and destroying all dependance on our reasoning and conclusions, on our actions, hopes and expectations? Is such a manner of thinking consistent with a sound knowledge of God, and of the ways of Providence? If you wish to avoid the delusions and the snares of superstition, that bane of human happiness, of good order, and of peace of mind, O! then respect Order as the supreme law of Nature, as the unalterable will of her Creator and Ruler! Make yourselves acquainted with the regulation of the world, and the eternal laws after which it is governed; suspect every thing that is contrary to the regular course of Nature, and do not foolishly dream that it is in the power of mortal man to change or abrogate it by means of certain words and formulas, or of certain mysterious ceremonies. Endeavour to trace out the natural cause of every effect, and if you cannot find it, at least take care not to yield to the self-conceited idea, that there exists no natural cause, because you are too short-sighted to see it. Let your system of reasoning be governed by the same accurate connection, the same natural combination and order you behold in the whole creation, and you will not be surprised by self-delusion, or the deceptions of impostors.

Reason is the greatest prerogative of Man; a second truth that powerfully can guard us against the wiles of superstition.

What distinguishes us more eminently from all other inhabitants of our globe, what renders us more the resemblance of our Maker than *Reason*? the faculty of tracing out the causes of things, of forming just ideas of their connections with each other, and of deducing firm conclusions from what we know, of what we do not know? Our sensible organs and sensations we have in common with the beasts of the field; reason only renders us superior to them. Reason enables us to discover the delusions of our senses, or to compare and adjust the impressions we have received from ex-

ternal objects. By the light of reason we can investigate the origin of our feelings, trace out their secret causes and their turns, and raise them to clear notions. Assisted by reason, we can govern every other faculty of our mind, strengthen or weaken, and direct it in a manner which is most favourable for the discovery and examination of truth. Without reason every natural phenomenon would confound us, and every uncommon effect it produces fill our soul with fear and consternation; without reason we should be the sport of our own passions, and of those of others.

Superstition does, however, not argue thus. The superstitious and the vile disseminator of superstition, despises reason, decries that sacred prerogative of man, exaggerates her imperfections and weaknesses, hurls her from the throne on which the Creator has placed her, and raises sensation and imagination upon it. The superstitious will not think, not examine nor draw just conclusions; every picture that heats his fancy; every appearance that blinds his senses; every obscure idea that makes his blood ferment, is well received by him; he prefers it to every principle of reason, and every incontestible truth, because they do not amuse, nor heat his senses and his imagination. The more mysterious, the more inconceivable a phenomenon, an experience, doctrine or system is, the more eagerly he takes hold of, and the more firmly does he rely upon them, because they leave his reason at rest, and promise him great discoveries without trouble and exertion. But can this be called honouring human nature and her Creator? is this valuing and making a proper use of the prerogatives that ennoble human nature? Do we not degrade ourselves to an inferior sort of beings when trusting to no other guides but to our senses and feelings, and scorning the dictates of reason? Is it to be wondered at, when the superstitious entangles himself in the mazes of delusion, and falls a victim to a self-created tyrant? If you are desirous to avoid these dark and perilous labyrinths, if you wish to pursue the road to eternity with peace of mind and safety, O! then, honour reason as the greatest treasure of man, and maintain the dignity this gift of all-bountiful heaven confers upon you. Reject, without hesitation, whatever is contrary to generally adopted principles of sound reasoning, however charming and seducing it be in many other respects. Suspect every thing of which you can form no distinct and clear idea, or no notion at all, every thing that obliges you to trust merely to an obscure sensation, to your own feelings, or to those of other people, or to vague pictures of imagination. Suspect every thing that shuns the investigation of the impartial and cool examiner; every thing that conceals itself under the veil of incomprehensible mysteries; suspect every one that attempts to pre-occupy you against reason, and advises you not to be guided by her torch in your opinion. If the secrets which are offered to you really are incomprehensible, then you have no interest in them; if they are useful and important truths, then they must admit examination, and be founded on firm arguments.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WHEN viewing the race of men upon the large scale, in my spleen, I have divided them into two classes—the *deceivers*, and the *deceived*. Indeed so rooted an opinion have I imbibed of the ductility of my fellow-mortals, that I never seriously believed, nor vindicated, what are so proudly styled, the honour and dignity of human nature. Read this, ye unwary, and draw some useful mementos with me. Leave no part of your body *undipped in Styx*, and be invulnerable.

See then that *Politician*, wrapped up in the garb of patriotism, mount the rostrum, tickle the stupid multitude into conviction that he is the people's, the mechanic's, the poor man's friend; that he, indignant of his country's wrongs, alone feels them and asserts her rights. Take off that garb, look through the window of his breast, and see collected, at the apex of his heart, sighs and flutterings after titles, honours, places. Next turn to the bland *Physician*, who, with nerve of steel himself, feels along the palpitating artery of my Lady Vapour's, counts its throbs, prescribes a cordial, and receives a guinea for making madam a dupe. Look after that *military* beau that struts through the Mall. A cockade, a sword, and two epaulets, dazzle the crowd, impose on boys and girls, men and maidens to imagine, that not danger, nor the devil himself could appal such a hero. Carry him to the field of honour, and find him white-liver'd as a hen.

How easily my *Lawyer*, entrenched with forms and books, gulls clients of their cash, is too stale to repeat. For *once* in your life, be persuaded, that if you come within the circle of his writs, pleas, bars, demurrers, rejoinders, &c. you will be handsomely stripped, even to your pin-feathers.

I am all gentleness to the sex: were it not that one smile of a *Coquette* makes me a slave, a flirt of a well-maneuvred fan puts all my resolution asleep, I would not tread on consecrated ground. While I am sensible, that she is playing me on the line, till some other gudgeon come in view, when I shall be shaken off the hook; that I should fancy nought but love in her eyes, on her cheeks but the down of the peach, her hair *all* auburn and natural, her lips *two rose leaves dipped in dew*, symmetry in her form, taste in her drest, wit in her repartees, with sincerity in her bosom, is, strange as it is, inconsistent, inconclusive, and unwarrantable. The theatre, is all a cheat. The kings, queens, lords and ladies on the stage, we find, in our streets, are the veriest pieces of mortality. After so much mockery of our senses, not only divinity is fled; something *less* than mortality remains.

I am the first to confess that Fancy cheats me at her will; not more at the age when I blew the washer-woman's soap suds through a pipe into beautiful balloons, than at the period at which I am arrived, building palaces on earth, and

castles in air. I have roamed, in Imagination's car, from the seat of Paradise in former, to the present degenerate days: I have searched *all*, of all ages and countries; and, in abundance have found, as many simple, deluded, pliable, gazing, cheated, weak-sighted mortals, as myself. But as virtue is better than vice, so is *delusion*, than *wretchedness*. 'Tis only in regions superior, the soul finds rest, perfection, and happiness.

PROTEUS.

ELINOR.

A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

—“AH! how cold the wind blows!” said a tall female, as she descended from a white cliff which overhung the sea. I raised my eyes wistfully to her face. I saw it was traced by the hand of Beauty, and not by the tear of Misery. The fresh breeze blew through her loose garments, and cast her brown hair in disordered, but beautiful masses, over her naked bosom: her eyes were sweet and blue, but they rolled with the quickness of phrenzy as she approached. “Who are you?” asked I, with emotion, taking her hand within mine. “They call me Wild Elinor!” answered she, in a soft but hurried voice, eyeing some flowers.—“I am very poor—I have no home—I have lost my lover—

“Beneath yon wave
Is Edwin's grave!”

repeated she, in a musical tone. “But, come back with me, and see it. I strew it every day with flowers, and weep sometimes—But—I can't now!” She stopped, and sighed; then, putting her hand on her breast—“I am very unhappy, stranger! O my breaking heart!” Her voice died away. I thought reason gleamed in her eye, as she sunk on the sod. I stooped to raise her falling frame. She lifted her large blue orbs towards me with silent gratitude: a soft bloom spread her pallid cheek; and, articulating “Edwin!” fell lifeless on the earth.

“Thy gentle spirit is now at rest!” said I, bending pensively over her clay. “But, oh! what agonies must have torn thy heart, luckless maid! when returning *reason shewed thee all thy wretchedness*, and when that wretchedness cut the thread of thy existence! Cold, cold is the loveliest form of Nature! closed is the softest eye that ever poured a beam on mine! That form must now moulder in the dust! that eye must no longer open on the world!” The tears gushed as I spoke. I fell on the earth beside her corpse: the warm drops of sensibility washed the marble of her bosom—my heart heaved with agony. I was a man, and I gloried in my tears!—

DE BURGHE.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALPHONSO AND MARINA;
AN INTERESTING SPANISH TALE.

MARINA, at seventeen, was the most admired beauty in Granada. She was an orphan, and heiress to an immense fortune, under the guardianship of an old and avaricious uncle, whose name was Alonzo, and who passed his days in counting ducats, and his nights in silencing serenades, nocturnally addressed to Marina. His design was to marry her, for the sake of her great fortune, to his own son, Henriquez, who had studied ten years in the university of Salamanca, and was now able to explain Cornelius Nepos tolerably well.

Almost all the cavaliers of Granada were in love with Marina. As they could obtain a sight of her only at mass, the church she frequented was filled with great numbers of the handsomest and most accomplished youths of the country.

One of the most distinguished among these, was Don Alphonso, a captain of cavalry, about twenty, not very rich, but of a family of the first distinction. Handsome, polite, and witty, he attracted the eyes of all the ladies of Granada; though he himself paid attention to none but Marina, who, not insensible to his attachment, began, on her part, to take notice of her admirer.

Two months passed away without the lovers daring to speak; nevertheless, they silently said much. At the end of that time Don Alphonso found means to convey a letter to his mistress; which informed her of what she knew before. The reserved Marina had no sooner read this letter than she sent it back to Don Alphonso; but, as she possessed an excellent memory, she retained every word, and was able to return a very punctual answer, a week afterwards.

A correspondence was now settled between the two lovers; but Don Alphonso was desirous to be still more intimate. He had long solicited permission to converse with Marina through her lattices. Such is the custom in Spain, where the windows are of much more use during the night than in the day. They are the places of rendezvous. When the street is vacant and still, the lover wraps himself up in his cloak, and, taking his sword, invokes love and night to favour him, and proceeds to some low lattice, grated on the side next the street, and secured on the inside by shutters.

He waits not long before the window opens softly, and the charming maid appears. She asks, in a tremulous voice, if any one is there. Her lover, transported at her condescension, endeavours to dispel her fears. They talk in a whisper, and repeat the same thing a hundred times. Day, at length, approaches, and they must separate.

Marina's lattice was on the ground floor, and opened into a narrow passage, where the houses were ill built, and only inhabited by the lower class of people. Don Alphonso's old nurse happened to occupy a tenement directly opposite the window of Marina. Don Alphonso, therefore repaired to his nurse. 'My good woman,' said he, 'I have been much to blame to suffer you to live so long in this miserable

habitation; but I am now determined to make you amends, by giving you an apartment in my own house. Come, and reside in that, and leave me to dispose of this.'

The worthy woman could not refrain from tears, and, for a long time, refused; but, at last, overcome by his solicitations, she consented to the exchange, with every expression of gratitude to her benefactor.

Never did any monarch enter his palace with more satisfaction than Don Alphonso did the hovel of his nurse.

Early in the evening Marina appeared at her lattice. She promised to repair thither every other night, and she kept her word. These delightful interviews served only to fan the flame of love; and, very soon, the lovers' nights were constantly passed in pleasing conversation, and their days in writing passionate epistles.

Just at this time, Henriquez, the intended husband of Marina, arrived from Salamanca; bringing with him a declaration of his passion in Latin, which had been written for him by the head of his college.

The lovers consulted each other on this event at the lattice; but, in the mean time, the old guardian had drawn up a contract of marriage, and a day was fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials of Marina and Henriquez.

In these circumstances, the only remedy was to fly into Portugal. This was determined; and it was also settled that the two lovers, on arriving at Lisbon, should first marry, and afterwards have recourse to the law, against the guardian.

Marina was to carry with her a box of jewels, which had been left her by her mother. These were very valuable, and sufficient to maintain the happy pair till the decision of their law-suit. To effect this escape, it was necessary to procure the key of the lattice, and in this Marina succeeded.

It was resolved also, that the next night, at eleven, Don Alphonso, after having appointed horses to wait without the city, should come and fetch Marina; who should descend from the window, into the arms of her lover, and immediately set off for Portugal.

Don Alphonso spent the whole day in preparations for his departure. Marina, on her part, was equally busy, in getting ready the little box she was to take with her. She was very careful to secret in it a very fine emerald, which had been given her by her lover.

Marina and her box were ready by eight in the evening; and, before ten, Don Alphonso, who had already provided carriages on the road to Andalusia, arrived at the appointed spot: his heart beating with perturbation and hope.

As he approached the place, he heard persons calling for assistance, and perceived two men attacked by five armed assassins. The brave and humane Alphonso forgot his own affairs to defend the lives of the assaulted. He wounded two, and put the other three to flight.

What was his surprise, on more attentively viewing the persons he had delivered, to perceive they were no other than Henriquez, and Alonzo, the guardian of Marina. Some desperate young cavalier of the city, who was in love with Marina, knowing it was intended that Henriquez should espouse her, had hired bravoos, to assassinate them;

and, had it not been for the valour of Don Alphonso, the young scholar and the old miser would have found it no easy matter to escape.

Alphonso did his utmost to avoid their grateful acknowledgments, but Henriquez, who piqued himself on having learned politeness at Salamanca, swore he should not leave them that night. Alphonso, in despair, had already heard the clock strike eleven. Alas! he knew not the misfortune that had happened.

One of the bravoes, whom he had put to flight, had passed muffled up in his cloak, near the lattice of Marina. The night was extremely dark, and the unfortunate beauty, having opened the window, imagined him to be Don Alphonso, and presented him the box with joyful impatience: 'Take our diamonds,' said she, 'while I descend.'

At the word diamonds, the bravo suddenly stopped, took the box, without speaking a word, and, while Marina was getting out of the window, fled with the utmost precipitation.

Imagine the surprise of Marina, when she found herself alone in the street, and saw nothing of him whom she had taken for Don Alphonso. She thought, at first, he had left her, to avoid raising suspicion or alarm. She, therefore, hastily walked to a little distance, looked round on every side, and called in a low voice. But no Alphonso could she see; no lover could she hear.

She was now seized with the most alarming apprehensions. She knew not whether it were most advisable to return home, or endeavour to find the horses and attendants of Don Alphonso, that were waiting without the city. She continued to walk forwards, in the utmost uncertainty and distress, till she had lost herself in the streets; while her fears were augmented by the darkness and silence of the night.

At length she met a person, whom she asked if she were far from the gate of the city. The stranger conducted her thither; but she found nobody waiting as she expected.

She dared not yet accuse her lover of deceiving her: still she hoped he was at no great distance. She proceeded, therefore, along the road, fearful of every bush, and calling Don Alphonso at every step; but the farther she walked the more she was bewildered; for she had come out of the city on the side opposite to the Portugal road.

In the mean time Don Alphonso found himself unable to get away from the grateful Henriquez and his father. They would not suffer him to leave them for a moment, but obliged him to enter the house with them; to which Alphonso, fearful of betraying his intent, and frustrating his dearest hopes; and imagining too that Marina might be soon acquainted with the reason of his daily, most reluctantly consented.

Alonzo hastens to the chamber of his ward, to inform her of the danger he had escaped. He calls, but receives no answer; he enters her apartment, and finds the lattice open; his cries collect the servants, and the alarm is immediately given, that Marina is missing.

Alphonso, in despair, immediately offered to go in quest of her. Henriquez, thanking him for the concern he ex-

pressed, declared his resolution to accompany him. Alphonso suggested, that the probability of finding her would be greater, if they took different roads. Accordingly, he hastened to rejoin his domestics: and not doubting but Marina had taken the road to Portugal, put his horses at full speed. But their swiftness only removed him farther from the object of his love; while Henriquez galloped towards the Alpuxarian mountains, the way which Marina had actually taken.

In the mean time, Marina continued to wander, disconsolate, along the road that led to the Alpuxares. Presently she heard the clattering noise of approaching horses; and at first, imagined it might be her beloved Alphonso: but, afterward, fearful of discovery, or apprehensive of robbers, she concealed herself, trembling, behind some bushes.

Here she presently saw Henriquez pass by, followed by a number of servants. Shuddering at the danger of being again in the power of Alonzo, if she continued in the high road, she turned aside, and took refuge in a thick wood.

The Alpuxares are a chain of mountains, which extend from Granada to the Mediterranean. They are inhabited only by a few peasants. To these, fear and terror conducted the unfortunate maid. A dry and stony soil, with a few oak trees, thinly scattered: some torrents and echoing cataracts, and a number of wild goats, leaping from precipice to precipice; are the only objects which present themselves at day-break to the eyes of Marina. Exhausted, at length, by fatigue and vexation, she sat down in the cavity of a rock, through the cliffs of which a limped water gently oozed.

The silence of this grotto, the wildness of the landscape around, the hoarse and distant murmur of several cascades, and the noise of the water near her, falling drop by drop into the basin it had hollowed beneath, all conspired to excite in Marina the most melancholy sensations. Now she thought herself cruelly abandoned by her lover; and now she persuaded herself that some mistake had happened: 'It certainly could not be Alphonso,' said she, 'to whom I gave my diamonds. I must have been mistaken. No doubt he is now far hence, seeking me with anxiety and distraction; while I, as far distant from him, am perishing here.'

While thus mournfully ruminating, Marina, on a sudden, heard the sound of a rustic flute. Attentively listening, she soon heard an harmonious voice, deploring, in plaintive strains, the infidelity of his mistress, and the miseries of disappointed love.

'And who can be more sensible of this than myself?' said Marina, leaving the grotto, in search of this unfortunate lover.

She found a young goatherd, sitting at the foot of a willow, his eyes bedewed with tears, and intent on the water as it issued from its rocky source. In his hand he held a flagalet, and by his side lay a staff and a little parcel.

'Shepherd,' said Marina, 'you are no doubt forsaken by your Mistress: have pity on one abandoned, like yourself, and conduct me to some habitation, where I may procure sustenance, at least, though not repose!'

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CRIMINAL.

"And now, which way so ere I look or turn
Scenes of incessant horror strike my view:
I hear my famish'd babes expiring groan,
I hear my wife the bursting sigh renew!"

AH! cruel fortune, thou hast driven me to this! Ah, my father! thou wilt not relieve my wants, because I wedded the woman of my choice and not of thine. Once was I stiled my father's darling, the son for whom he only lived; and yet, for acting once contrary to his will, he banished me his presence, with a pension barely sufficient to support life—That pension now has ceased; for what reason I am totally ignorant. An amiable wife and two children are perishing for want, and unless I bring them something, they cannot exist. I went to my father's house, with an intent of informing him of our wretched condition: I sent in my name, he would not see me!—Must my babes starve? They are young, and my wife lies ill—and I am indeed a wretch for thus joining her to poverty!—

Here I am alone on this dreary heath—and what have I brought with me?—A pistol charged with death.—What light was that?—My fears transform every thing into enemies—It is the sun! Why dost thou shed thy beams on one, whom dire necessity hath made the foe of man?—

* * * * *

Here I am, plunged yet deeper in this forest's gloom, like the insidious serpent thirsting for his prey. On man—on a being formed like myself, am I to avenge my want of bread?—My family must live—despair, do what thou wilt!—

—Hark! what noise is that? Sure it resembled a horse's tread. Undone man, what fate hath bid thee pass this way? He approaches—how unlike me.—Serenity is pictured in his countenance. He little thinks, that like the harmless bird who flies unto the fowler's snare, he is hastening to destruction. Oh! My wife!—My children!—He comes!—

—"Stop, traveller!"—

L. B.

(To be continued.)

THE MENTAL AND PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS OF A HUSBAND.

GREAT good nature, good humour, and good sense.

Lively by all means.

Stupid by no means.

His person agreeable rather than handsome.

No great objection to six feet, with an exact symmetry of parts.

Always clean, but not foppish in his dress.

Youth promises a duration of happiness, therefore is agreeable.

Well read in the classics, but no pedant.
Experimentally acquainted with natural philosophy.
A tolerable ear for music, but no fiddler. I must repeat it again, no fiddling husband.
An easy and unaffected politeness.
No bully; just as much courage as is necessary to defend his own and his wife's honour.
May fortune smile on the man of my wishes.
A free thinker in every thing, except in matters of religion.

These, with Mr. Pope's definition of wit, are the only qualifications I require in the man I intend to honour with my hand and heart.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

On Thursday the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, SAMUEL ALDWILL SMITH, Esq. to Mrs. ANN WOOD, both passengers in the Belvidere, from London.

On Saturday evening the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. JOHN HARKEY, of Albany, to Miss HANNAH ADAMSON, of this city.

On Thursday evening the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Captain MOSES TAYLOR, to Miss MARGARET TOWT, both of this city.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Patrons of the WEEKLY MAGAZINE, who are not apprized of its place of publication being removed, and at any time have commands for the Editors, will please to call at No. 358, Pearl-street, near the Friends meeting house:—where every attention will be paid to their favors. A Letter Box is prepared for the reception of the productions of our Literary Friends, through whose assistance we hope to communicate the modern progress of Literature in this city; the remarks of the ingenious, and the epistles of the pertinent, are always admissible, when within the bounds of modest reserve. The "Verses addressed to Miss A—B—" shall be punctually honored in our next.

Those Subscribers who have it in contemplation to change their place of residence the 1st of May, are requested to leave their address at the office, or with the carrier of this MAGAZINE.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 9th to the 15th inst.

		THERMOMETER observed at 6, A. M. 3, P. M. deg. 100. deg. 100.		Prevailing winds. 6. 3.		OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER. 6. 3.	
April	9	42	54	nw.	do.	clear	do. h. w. l. do.
	10	36	48	nw.	do.	clear	do. h. wd. do.
	11	38	56	w.	do.	clear	do. h. wd. do.
	12	44	48	nw.	se.	clear	cloudy l. w. do.
	13	41	38	e.	do.	ra.	do. h. wd. do. p. r.
	14	35	58	n.	w.	clear	do. l. wd. do.
	15	47	58	sw.	s.	clr.	cloudy l. wd. do.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A RECEIPT FOR WRITING NOVELS.

TAKE a heroine, free from the tincture of vice,
Renown'd for fine feeling, in sentiment nice;
No matter what country her birth may be found in,
But be sure that her name is quite grand and high-sounding;
Make a peevish old crab, that at nothing would faultier,
And who fully deserves for to swing from a halter;
Let him mark all the letters that she will deposit,
And find her, and the hero, lock'd up in a closet;
Then quote Hamlet's Ghost, but don't tire yourself much,
Only make old Curmudgeon as stiff as a crutch;
Then such kneeling, and praying, together you jumble,
And you bring off your lovers so meek and so humble.
If you can attempt it—why bring in a poem,
And if you have talents, the rhyming will show 'em;
Thus, subscribers will croud in the bard-cheering roll,
And each critic shall think it quite fine on his soul.
A Confidant too, you must introduce,
Her name must be sprightly, her character spruce;
And if you should want for to lengthen the *action*,
Let the maid court with John, for your own satisfaction;
Let the reader be drown'd in a reverie deep,
But I hope o'er your book he won't quite fall asleep;
Then rouse him at once with soniferous thunder,
But when on the high horse, have a care, don't fall under.
Let a messenger enter as pale as a ghost!
With a letter of woe, that would soften a post—
The heroine reads, all her colour is fled,
John, the drops! or Belinda is certainly dead!
For her lover, quite wearied, and sick of his life,
Had determin'd to end all this trouble and strife;
You may say that he took a pestiferous *vorax*,
Or planted a bullet just under his thorax!
But don't, for your life, let the tame go loose,
That your hero would tie up his neck in a noose;
That death is too common, beside, 'tis quite wrong,
For pois'ning, or shooting, is now quite the *ton*;
Tho' ev'ry man dies when he loses his breath,
Yet there ought to be some small decorum in death;
'Tis so rude for to step in a trice to your grave,
And not have the politeness to come take your leave;
For some are so brutish, such cormorants quite,
They don't think it worth while for to bid us *good night*.

SONNET.

BY HOLCROFT.

THOUGH pale and wan my cheeks appear,
Though dead to joy and hope I live,
Though the deep sigh and trickling tear,
Are all the signs of life I give;
The blood will blushing spread my face,
Again my languid pulse will beat,
If, in some unexpected place,
I cruel Laura chance to meet.
Thus will the touch of homicide,
As we in ancient legends read,
Recal the flowing purple tide,
And make the lifeless body bleed.

TO A HOG—ON HIS BIRTH-DAY

NEVER as yet the unjust muse
(As if by those old precepts bound
Which tie the superstitious Jews,)
One line to praise a Hog has found.
Never till now, as I remember,
Has any poet sung a swine,
O, Hog! this twentieth of November,
I celebrate—the day is thine.
Three years ago thy little eyes
Peep'd on the day with optics weak;
Three years ago thy infant cries,
By mortal men were call'd a squeak.
Ev'n then the muse prophetic saw
Thy youthful days, thy latter state,
And sigh'd at the relentless law,
That doom'd thee to an early fate.
Yes, the fond muse has anxious look'd,
While thou a roaster, careless play'd'st,
Thoughtless how soon thou might'st be cook'd,
(A fine appearance then thou mad'st.)
The dangers of a roasting past,
She saw thee rear'd a handsome shoat;
Saw thee a full-grown hog at last,
And heard thee grunt a deeper note.
Thy charms mature with joy she view'd,
As waddling on short legs about,
Or rolling in delicious mud,
Or rooting with sagacious snout.
But thy last hour is near at hand;
Before a year, a month, a week,
Is past, 'tis Fate's severe command,
That death shall claim thy latest squeak.
And this shall be thy various doom;
Thou shalt be roasted, fry'd and boil'd,
Black puddings shall thy blood become,
Thy lifeless flesh shall pork be styl'd:
Thy ears and feet in souse shall lie;
Minc'd sausage meat thy guts shall cram;
And each plump, pretty waddling thigh,
Salted and smoak'd, shall be a ham.
Yet it is fruitless to complain:
"Death cuts down all, both great and small;"
And hope and fear alike are vain,
To those who by his stroke must fall.
Full many a hero, young and brave,
Like thee, O Hog! resign'd his breath;
The noble presents nature gave,
Form'd but a surer mark for death.
Achilles met an early doom;
Euryalus and Nisus, young,
Were slain; but honour'd was their tomb;
That, Homer, these, sweet Maro sung.
On the rude cliffs of proud Quebec,
In glory's arm Montgomery dy'd;
And Freedom's genius loves to deck
His early grave with verdant pride.
Nor shalt thou want a sprig of bays
To crown thy name. When set agog,
The muse shall tune eccentric lays,
And, pleas'd, IMMORTALIZE A HOG.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY JOHN TIEBOUT, No. 358, PEARL-STREET, FOR THOMAS BURLING, JUN. & Co.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for this MAGAZINE (at 6s. per quarter) are taken in at the Printing-Office; and at the
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